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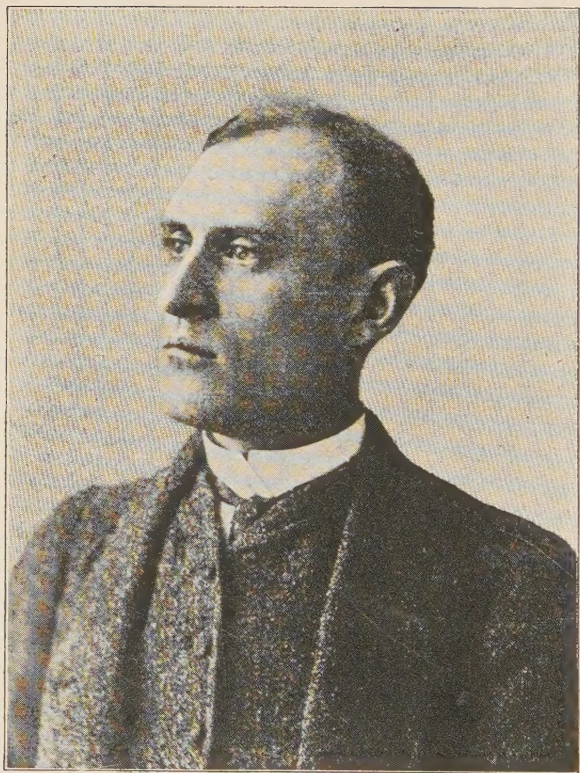
Chuck McMullin

June, 01









# HOOSIER LYRICS

BY

EUGENE FIELD

AUTHOR OF

THE CLINK OF THE ICE, JOHN SMITH,  
U. S. A., IN WINK-A-WAY-LAND, ETC.



M. A. DONOHUE & COMPANY

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CHICAGO, ILL.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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From whatever point of view the character of Eugene Field is seen, genius—rare and quaint presents itself is childlike simplicity. That he was a poet of keen perception, of rare discrimination, all will admit. He was a humorist as delicate and fanciful as Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, James Whitcomb Riley, Opie Read, or Bret Harte in their happiest moods. Within him ran a poetic vein, capable of being worked in any direction, and from which he could, at will, extract that which his imagination saw and felt most. That he occasionally left the child-world, in which he longed to linger, to wander among the older children of men, where intuitively the hungry listener follows him into his Temple of Mirth, all should rejoice, for those who knew him not, can while away the moments imbibing the genius of his imagination in the poetry and prose here presented.

Though never possessing an intimate acquaintanceship with Field, owing largely to the disparity in our ages, still there existed a bond of

friendliness that renders my good opinion of him in a measure trustworthy. Born in the same city, both students in the same college, engaged at various times in newspaper work both in St. Louis and Chicago, residents of the same ward, with many mutual friends, it is not surprising that I am able to say of him that "the world is better off that he lived, not in gold and silver or precious jewels, but in the bestowal of priceless truths, of which the possessor of this book becomes a benefactor of no mean share of his estate."

Every lover of Field, whether of the songs of childhood or the poems that lend mirth to the out-pouring of his poetic nature, will welcome this unique collection of his choicest wit and humor.

CHARLES WALTER BROWN.

Chicago, January, 1905.

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## HOOSIER LYRICS PARAPHRASED.

We've come from Indiany, five hundred miles or  
more,  
Supposin' we wuz goin' to get the nominashin,  
shore;  
For Col. New assured us (in that noospaper o' his)  
That we cud hev the airth, if we'd only tend to  
biz.  
But here we've been a-slavin' more like hosses than  
like men  
To diskiver that the people do not hanker arter  
Ben;  
It is fur Jeems G. Blaine an' *not* for Harrison  
they shout—  
And the gobble-uns 'el git us  
Ef we  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

---

When I think of the fate that is waiting for Ben,  
I pine for the peace of my childhood again;  
I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul  
And hop off once more in the old swimmin' hole!

The world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew  
(Which is another word for soup) that drips for  
me and you.

---

“Little Benjy! Little Benjy!” chirps the robin in  
the tree;  
“Little Benjy!” sighs the clover, “Little Benjy!”  
moans the bee;  
“Little Benjy! Little Benjy!” murmurs John C.  
New,  
A-stroking down the whiskers which the winds  
have whistled through.

---

Looks jest like his grampa, who’s dead these many  
years—  
He wears the hat his grampa wore, pulled down  
below his ears;  
We’d like to have him four years more, but if he  
cannot stay—  
Nothin’ to say, good people; nothin’ at all to say!

---

There, little Ben, don’t cry!  
They have busted your boom, I know;  
And the second term  
For which you squirm  
Has gone where good niggers go!  
But Blaine is safe, and the goose hangs high—  
There, little Ben, don’t cry!

Maybe we'll git even for this unexpected shock,  
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's  
in the shock!

---

Oh, the newspaper man! He works for paw;  
He's the liveliest critter 'at ever you saw;  
With whiskers 'at reach from his eyes to his throat,  
He knows how to wheedle and rive a vote;  
He wunst wuz a consul 'way over the sea—  
But never again a consul he'll be!  
He come back from London one mornin' in May—  
He come back; for bizness, an' hope he will stay—  
Ain't he a awful slick newspaper man?  
A newspaper, newspaper, newspaper man!

---

You kin talk about yer cities where the politicians  
meet—  
You kin talk about yer cities where a decent man  
gits beat;  
With the general run o' human kind I beg to dis-  
agree—  
The little town of Tailholt is good enough f'r me!  
Chicago was a pleasant town in eighteen-eighty-  
eight,  
And I have lived in Washington long time in  
splendid state;

But all the present prospects are that after ninety-  
three  
The little town o' Tailholt 'll be good enough f'r  
me!

---

"I wunst lived in Indiany," said a consul, gaunt  
and grim,  
As most of us Blaine delegates wuz kind o' guyin'  
him;  
"I wunst lived in Indiany, and my views wuz  
widely read,  
Fur I run a daily paper w'ich 'Lije Halford  
edited;  
But since I've been away f'm home, my paper  
(seems to me)  
Ain't nearly such a infloence ez wot it used to be;  
So, havin' done with consulin', I'm goin' to make  
a break  
Towards making of a paper like the one I used to  
make."

---

Think, if you kin, of his term mos' through,  
An' that ol' man wantin' a secon' term, too;  
Picture him bendin' over the form  
Of his consul-gineril, stanch an' grim,  
Who has stood the brunt of that jimblain storm—  
An' that ol' man jest wrapt up in him!  
An' the consul-gineril, with eyes all bleared  
An' a haunted look in his ashen beard,



Kind o' gaspin' a feeble way—  
But soothed to hear the ol' man say  
In a meaning tone (as one well may  
When words are handy and ——'s to pay):  
    "Good-by, John; take care of yo'*self*!"

## GETTIN' ON.

When I wuz somewhat younger,  
I wuz reckoned purty gay—  
I had my fling at everything  
In a rollickin', coltish way,  
But times have strangely altered  
Since sixty years ago—  
This age of steam an' things don't seem  
Like the age I used to know,  
Your modern innovations  
Don't suit me, I confess,  
As did the ways of the good ol' days—  
But I'm gettin' on, I guess.

I set on the piazza  
An' hitch around with the sun—  
Sometimes, mayhap, I take a nap,  
Waitin' till school is done,  
An' then I tell the children  
The things I done in youth,  
An' near as I can (as a venerable man)  
I stick to the honest truth!  
But the looks of them 'at listen  
Seems sometimes to express  
The remote idee that I'm gone—you see!  
An' I am gettin' on, I guess.

I get up in the mornin',  
An' nothin' else to do,  
Before the rest are up and dressed  
I read the papers through;  
I hang 'round with the women  
All day an' hear 'em talk,  
An' while they sew or knit I show  
The baby how to walk;  
An' somehow, I feel sorry  
When they put away his dress  
An' put his curls 'cause they're like a girl's)—  
I'm gettin' on, I guess!

Sometimes, with twilight round me,  
I see (or seem to see)  
A distant shore where friends of yore  
Linger and watch for me;  
Sometimes I've heered 'em callin'  
So tenderlike 'nd low  
That it almost seem'd like a dream I dreamed,  
Or an echo of long ago;  
An' sometimes on my forehead  
There falls a soft caress,  
Or the touch of a hand—you understand—  
I'm gettin' on, I guess.

## MINNIE LEE.

Writing from an Indiana town a young woman asks: "Is the enclosed poem worth anything?"

We find that the poem is as follows:

She has left us, our own darling—  
And we never more shall see  
Here on earth our dearly loved one—  
God has taken Minnie Lee.

Her heart was full of goodness  
And her face was fair to see  
And her life was full of beauty—  
How we miss our Minnie Lee!

But her work on earth is over  
And her spirit now is free  
She has gone to live in heaven—  
Shall we weep for Minnie Lee?

Would we call our angel darling  
Back again across the sea?  
No! but sometime up in heaven  
We will meet loved Minnie Lee.

To the question as to whether this poem is worth anything we chose to answer in verse as follows:

Sweet poetess, your poetry  
Is bad as bad can be,  
And yet we heartily deplore  
The death of Minnie Lee.

It would have pleased us better  
If, in His wisdom, He  
Had taken you, sweet poetess,  
Instead of Minnie Lee.

Your turn will come, however,  
And swift and sure 'twill be  
If you continue sending  
Your rhymes on Minnie Lee.

From this we hope you will gather  
A dim surmise that we  
Don't take much stock in poems  
Concerning Minnie Lee.



## LIZZIE.

I wonder ef all wimmin air  
Like Lizzie is when we go out  
To theaters an' concerts where  
Is things the papers talk about.  
Do other wimmin fret and stew  
Like they wuz bein' crucified—  
Frettin' a show or a concert through,  
With wonderin' ef the baby cried?

Now Lizzie knows that gran'ma's there  
To see that everything is right,  
Yet Lizzie thinks that gran'ma's care  
Ain't good enuf f'r baby, quite;  
Yet what am I to answer when  
She kind uv fidgets at my side,  
An' every now and then;  
"I wonder ef the baby cried?"

Seems like she seen two little eyes  
A-pinin' f'r their mother's smile—  
Seems like she heern the pleadin' cries  
Uv one she thinks uv all the while;

An' she's sorry that she come,  
    'An' though she allus tries to hide  
The truth, she'd ruther stay to hum  
    Than wonder ef the baby cried.

Yes, wimmin folks is all alike—  
    By Lizzie you kin jedge the rest.  
There never was a little tyke,  
    But that his mother loved him best,  
And nex' to bein' what I be—  
    The husband of my gentle bride—  
I'd wisht I wuz that croodlin' wee,  
    With Lizzie wonderin' ef I cried.

## OUR LADY OF THE MINE.

The Blue Horizon wuz a mine us fellers all thought  
well uv,  
And there befell the episode I now perpose to  
tell uv;  
'Twuz in the year of sixty-nine—somewhere along  
in summer—  
There hove in sight one afternoon a new and curi-  
ous comer;  
His name wuz Silas Pettibone—an artist by per-  
fession,  
With a kit of tools and a big mustache and a pipe  
in his possession;  
He told us, by our leave, he'd kind uv like to make  
some sketches  
Uv the snowy peaks, 'nd the foamin' crick, 'nd the  
distant mountain stretches;  
“You're welkim, sir,” sez we, although this scenery  
dodge seemed to us  
A waste uv time where scenery wuz already sooper-  
*floo-us*.

All through the summer Pettibone kep' busy at his  
sketchin'—  
At daybreak, off for Eagle Pass, and home at  
nightfall, fetchin'

That everlastin' book uv his with spider lines all  
through it—

Three-Fingered Hoover used to say there warn't  
no meanin' to it—

“God darn a man,” sez he to him, “whose shif’less  
hand is sot at

A-drawin’ hills that’s full of quartz that’s pinin’  
to be got at!”

“Go on,” sez Pettibone, “go on, if joshin’ gratifies  
ye,

But one uv these fine times, I’ll show ye sumthin’  
will surprise ye!”

The which remark led us to think—although he  
didn’t say it—

That Pettibone wuz owin’ us a gredge ’nd meant  
to pay it.

One evenin’ as we sat around the restauraw de  
Casey,

A-singin’ songs ’nd tellin’ yarns the which wuz  
sumwhat racy,

In come that feller Pettibone ’nd sez: “With your  
permission

I’d like to put a picture I have made on exhibi-  
tion.”

He sot the picture on the bar ’nd drew aside its  
curtain,

Sayin’: “I reckon you’ll allow as how *that’s* art,  
f’r certain!”

And then we looked, with jaws agape, but nary  
word wuz spoken,

And f'r a likely spell the charm uv silence wuz  
unbroken—

Till presently, as in a dream, remarked Three-  
Fingered Hoover:

“Unless I am mistaken, this is Pettibone’s shef  
doover!”

It wuz a face, a human face—a woman’s, fair ’nd  
tender,

Sot gracefully upon a neck white as a swan’s, and  
slender;

The hair wuz kind of sunny, ’nd the eyes wuz sort  
uv dreamy,

The mouth wuz half a-smilin’, ’nd the cheeks wuz  
soft ’nd creamy;

It seemed like she wuz lookin’ off into the west out  
yonder,

And seemed like, while she looked, we saw her eyes  
grow softer, fonder—

Like, lookin’ off into the west where mountain  
mists wuz fallin’,

She saw the face she longed to see and heerd his  
voice a-callin’;

“Hooray!” we cried; “a woman in the camp uv  
Blue Horizon—

Step right up, Colonel Pettibone, ’nd nominate  
your pizen!”

A curious situation—one deservin’ uv your pity—  
No human, livin’ female thing this side of Denver  
City!



But jest a lot uv husky men that lived on sand 'nd  
bitters—

Do you wonder that that woman's face consoled the  
lonesome critters?

And not a one but what it served in some way to  
remind him

Of a mother or a sister or a sweetheart left behind  
him—

And some looked back on happier days and saw  
the old-time faces

And heard the dear familiar sounds in old familiar  
places—

A gracious touch of home—"Look here," sez  
Hoover, "ever'body

Quit thinkin' 'nd perceed at onct to name his  
favorite toddy!"

It wuzn't long afore the news had spread the  
country over,

And miners come a-flockin' in like honey bees to  
clover;

It kind uv did 'em good they said, to feast their  
hungry eyes on

That picture uv Our Lady in the camp uv Blue  
Horizon.

But one mean cuss from Nigger Crick passed criti-  
cisms on 'er—

Leastwise we overheard him call her Pettibone's  
madonner,

The which we did not take to be respectful to a  
lady—

So we hung him in a quiet spot that wuz cool 'nd  
dry 'nd shady;  
Which same might not have been good law, but it  
*wuz* the right maneuver  
To give the critics due respect for Pettibone's shef  
doover.

Gone is the camp—yes, years ago, the Blue Horizon  
busted,  
And every mother's son uv us got up one day 'nd  
dusted,  
While Pettibone perceeded east with wealth in his  
possession  
And went to Yurrupe, as I heerd, to study his per-  
fession;  
So, like as not, you'll find him now a-paintin' heads  
'nd faces  
At Venus, Billy Florencè and the like Italyun  
places—  
But no such face he'll paint again as at old Blue  
Horizon,  
For I'll allow no sweeter face no human soul sot  
eyes on;  
And when the critics talk so grand uv Paris 'nd  
the loover,  
I say: "Oh, but you orter seen the Pettibone shef  
doover!"

## PENN-YAN BILL.

## I.

In gallus old Kentucky, where the grass is very  
blue,  
Where the liquor is the smoothest and the girls are  
fair and true,  
Where the crop of he-gawd gentlemen is full of  
heart and sand,  
And the stock of four-time winners is the finest in  
the land,  
Where the democratic party in bourbon hardihood  
For more than half a century unterrified has stood,  
Where nod the black-eyed Susans to the prattle of  
the rill—  
There—there befell the wooing of Penn-Yan Bill.

## II.

Down yonder in the cottage that is nestling in the  
shade  
Of the walnut trees that seem to love that quiet  
little glade  
Abides a pretty maiden of the bonny name of Sue—  
As pretty as the black-eyed flow'rs and quite as  
modest, too;

And lovers came there by the score, of every age  
and kind,  
But not a one (the story goes) was quite to Susie's  
mind.  
Their sighs, their protestations, and their plead-  
ings made her ill—  
Till at once upon the scene hove Penn-Yan Bill.

## III.

He came from old Montana and he rode a broncho  
mare,  
He had a rather howd'y'do and rough-and-tumble  
air;  
His trousers were of buckskin and his coat of furry  
stuff—  
His hat was drab of color and its brim was wide  
enough;  
Upon each leg a stalwart boot reached just above  
the knee,  
And in the belt about his waist his weepens car-  
ried he;  
A rather strapping lover for our little Susie—still,  
*She* was *his* choice and *he* was *hers*, was Penn-Yan  
Bill.

## IV.

We wonder that the ivy seeks out the oaken tree,  
And twines her tendrils round him, though scarred  
and gnarled he be;

We wonder that a gentle girl, unused to worldly  
cares,  
Should choose a man whose life has been a constant  
scrap with bears;  
Ah, 'tis the nature of the vine, and of the maiden,  
too—  
So when the bold Montana boy came from his lair  
to woo,  
The fair Kentucky blossom felt all her heartstrings  
thrill  
Responsive to the purring of Penn-Yan Bill.

## V.

He told her of his cabin in the mountains far  
away,  
Of the catamount that howls by night, the wolf  
that yawps by day;  
He told her of the grizzly with the automatic jaw,  
He told her of the Injun who devours his victims  
raw;  
Of the jayhawk with his tawdry crest and whiskers  
in his throat,  
Of the great gosh-awful serpent and the Rocky  
mountain goat.  
A book as big as Shakespeare's or as Webster's you  
could fill  
With the yarns that emanated from Penn-Yan  
Bill!

## VI.

Lo, as these mighty prodigies the westerner relates,  
Her pretty mouth falls wide agape—her eyes get  
big as plates;  
And when he speaks of varmints that in the Rock-  
ies grow  
She shudders and she clings to him and timidly  
cries “Oh!”  
And then says he: “Dear Susie, I’ll tell you what  
to do—  
You be my wife, and none of these ’ere things dare  
pester you!”  
And she? She answers, clinging close and trem-  
bling yet: “I will.”  
And then he gives her one big kiss, does Penn-Yan  
Bill.

## VII.

Avaunt, ye poet lovers, with your wishywashy  
lays!  
Avaunt, ye solemn pedants, with your musty,  
bookish ways!  
Avaunt, ye smurking dandies who air your eti-  
quette  
Upon the gold your fathers worked so long and  
hard to get!  
How empty is your nothingness beside the sturdy  
tales  
Which mountaineers delight to tell of border hills  
and vales—

Of snaix that crawl, of beasts that yowl, of birds  
that flap and trill  
In the wild egregious altitude of Penn-Yan Bill.

## VIII.

Why, over all these mountain peaks his honest feet  
have trod—  
So high above the rest of us he seemed to walk  
with God;  
He's breathed the breath of heaven, as it floated,  
pure and free,  
From the everlasting snow-caps to the mighty west-  
ern sea;  
And he's heard that awful silence which thunders  
in the ear:  
"There is a great Jehovah, and His biding place is  
here!"  
These—these solemn voices and these the sights  
that thrill  
In the far-away Montana of Penn-Yan Bill.

## IX.

Of course she had to love him, for it was her  
nature to;  
And she'll wed him in the summer, if all we hear  
be true.  
The blue grass will be waving in that cool Ken-  
tucky glade  
Where the black-eyed Susans cluster in the pleas-  
ant walnut shade—

Where the doves make mournful music and the  
locust trills a song  
To the brook that through the pasture scampers  
merrily along;  
And speechless pride and rapture ineffable shall  
fill  
The beatific bosom of Penn-Yan Bill!



## ED.

Ed was a man that played for keeps, 'nd when he  
tuk the notion,  
You cudn't stop him any more'n a dam 'ud stop  
the ocean;  
For when he tackled to a thing 'nd sot his mind  
plum to it,  
You bet yer boots he done that thing though it  
broke the bank to do it!  
So all us boys uz knowed him best allowed he  
wusn't jokin'  
When on a Sunday he remarked uz how he'd gin  
up smokin'.  
Now this remark, that Ed let fall, fell, ez I say, on  
Sunday—  
Which is the reason we wuz shocked to see him sail  
in Monday  
A-puffin' at a snipe that sizzled like a Chinese  
cracker  
An' smelt fur all the world like rags instead uv  
like terbacker;  
Recoverin' from our first surprise, us fellows fell  
to pokin'  
A heap uv fun at "folks uz said how they had gin  
up smokin'."

But Ed—sez he: “I found my work cud not be  
done without it—

Jes’ try the scheme yourself, my friends, ef any uv  
you doubt it!

It’s hard, I know, upon one’s health, but there’s a  
certain beauty

In makin’ sackerfices to the stern demand uv duty!

So, wholly in a sperrit uv denial ’nd concession

I mortify the flesh ’nd fur the sake uv my perfec-  
sion!”

## HOW SALTY WIN OUT.

Used to think that luck wuz luck and nuthin' else  
but luck—

It made no diff'rence how or when or where or  
why it struck;

But sev'ral years ago I changt my mind and now  
proclaim

That luck's a kind uv science—same as any other  
game;

It happened out in Denver in the spring uv '80,  
when

Salty teched a humpback an' win out ten.

Salty wuz a printer in the good ol' Tribune days,  
An', natural-like, he fell in love with the good ol'  
Tribune ways;

So, every Sunday evenin' he would sit into the  
game

Which in this crowd uv thoroughbreds I think I  
need not name;

An' there he'd sit until he rose, an', when he rose  
he wore

Invariably less wealth about his person than be-  
fore.

But once there come a powerful change; one sol-  
lum Sunday night

Occurred the tidle wave what put ol' Salty out o'  
sight!

He win on deuce an' ace an' jack—he win on king  
an' queen—

Cliff Bill allowed the like uv how he win wuz  
never seen!

An' how he done it wuz revealed to all us fellers  
when

He said he teched a humpback to win out ten.

There must be somethin' in it for he never win  
afore,

An' when he tole the crowd about the humpback,  
how they swore!

For every sport allows it is a losin' game to buck  
Agin the science of a man who's teched a hump f'r  
luck;

An' there is no denyin' luck was nowhere in it  
when

Salty teched a humpback an' win out ten.

I've had queer dreams an' seen queer things, an'  
allus tried to do

The thing that luck apparrently intended f'r me  
to;

Cats, funerils, cripples, beggars have I treated  
with regard,

An' charity subscriptions have hit me powerful  
hard;

But what's the use uv talkin'? I say, an' say again;  
You've got to tech a humpback to win out ten!

So, though I used to think that luck wuz lucky, I'll  
allow

That luck, for luck, agin a hump ain't nowhere in  
it now!

An' though I can't explain the whys an' where-  
fores, I maintain

There must be somethin' in it when the tip's so  
straight an' plain;

For I wuz there an' seen it, an' got full with Salty  
when

Salty teched a humpback and win out ten!

## HIS QUEEN.

Our gifted and genial friend, Mr. William J. Florence, the comedian, takes to verses as naturally as a canvas-back duck takes to celery sauce. As a balladist he has few equals and no superiors, and when it comes to weaving compliments to the gentler sex he is without a peer. We find in the *New York Mirror* the latest verses from Mr. Florence's pen; they are entitled "*Pasadene*," and the first stanza flows in this wise:

I've journeyed East, I've journeyed West,  
And fair Italia's fields I've seen;  
    But I declare  
    None can compare  
With thee, my rose-crowned *Pasadene*.

Following this introduction come five stanzas heaping even more glowing compliments upon this Miss *Pasadene*—whoever she may be—we know her not. They are handsome compliments, beautifully phrased, yet they give us the heartache, for we know Mrs. Florence, and it grieves us to see her husband dribbling away his superb intellect in

penning verses to other women. Yet we think we understand it all; these poets have a pretty way of hymning the virtues of their wives under divers aliases. So, catching the afflatus of the genial actor-poet's muse, we would answer:

Come, now, who is this Pasadene  
That such a whirl of praises warrant?  
And is a rose  
Her only clo'es?  
Oh, fie upon you, Billy Florence!

Ah, no; that's your poetic way  
Of turning loose your rhythmic torrents—  
This Pasadene  
Is not your queen—  
We know you know we know it, Florence!

So sing your songs of women folks—  
We'll read without the least abhorrence,  
Because we know  
Through weal and woe  
Your queen is Mrs. Billy Florence!

## ALASKAN BALLADRY.—III.

(Skans in Love.)

I am like the wretched seal  
Wounded by a barbed device—  
Helpless fellow! how I bellow,  
Floundering on the jagged ice!

Sitka's beauty is the steel  
That hath wrought this piteous woe:  
Yet would I rather die  
Than recover from the blow!

Still I'd rather live than die,  
Grievous though my torment be;  
Smite away, but, I pray,  
Smite no victim else than me!



## THE BIGGEST FISH.

When, in the halcyon days of old, I was a little  
tyke,  
I used to fish in pickerel ponds for minnows and  
the like;  
And, oh, the bitter sadness with which my soul was  
fraught  
When I rambled home at nightfall with the puny  
string I'd caught!  
And, oh, the indignation and the valor I'd display  
When I claimed that all the biggest fish I'd caught  
had got away!

Sometimes it was the rusty hooks, sometimes the  
fragile lines,  
And many times the treacherous reeds were actually to blame.  
I kept right on at losing all the monsters just the  
same—  
I never lost a *little* fish—yes, I am free to say  
It always was the *biggest* fish I caught that got  
away.  
And so it was, when, later on, I felt ambition pass  
From callow minnow joys to nobler greed for pike  
and bass;

I found it quite convenient, when the beauties  
wouldn't bite  
And I returned all bootless from the watery chase  
at night,  
To feign a cheery aspect and recount in accents  
gay  
How the biggest fish that I had caught had some-  
how got away.

And, really, fish look bigger than they are before  
they're caught—  
When the pole is bent into a bow and the slender  
line is taut,  
When a fellow feels his heart rise up like a dough-  
nut in his throat  
And he lunges in a frenzy up and down the leaky  
boat!  
Oh, you who've been a-fishing will indorse me  
when I say  
That it always is the biggest fish you catch that  
gets away!

'Tis even so in other things—yes, in our greedy  
eyes  
The biggest boon is some elusive, never-captured  
prize;  
We angle for the honors and the sweets of human  
life—

Like fishermen we brave the seas that roll in endless strife;  
And then at last, when all is done and we are spent  
and gray,  
We own the biggest fish we've caught are those  
that get away.

I would not have it otherwise; 'tis better there  
should be  
Much bigger fish than I have caught a-swimming  
in the sea;  
For now some worthier one than I may angle for  
that game—  
May by his arts entice, entrap, and comprehend the  
same;  
Which, having done, perchance he'll bless the man  
who's proud to say  
That the biggest fish he ever caught were those that  
got away.

## BONNIE JIM CAMPBELL: A LEGIS- LATIVE MEMORY.

Bonnie Jim Campbell rode up the glen,  
But it wasn't to meet the butterine men;  
It wasn't Phil Armour he wanted to see,  
Nor Haines nor Crafts—though their friend was  
he.

Jim Campbell was guileless as man could be—  
No fraud in his heart had he;  
'Twas all on account of his character's sake  
That he sought that distant Wisconsin lake.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bonnie Jim Campbell came riding home,  
And now he sits in the rural gloam;  
A tear steals furtively down his nose  
As salt as the river that yonder flows;  
To the setting sun and the rising moon  
He plaintively warbles the good old tune:

“Of all the drinks that ever were made—  
From sherbet to circus lemonade—  
Not one's so healthy and sweet, I vow,  
As the rich, thick cream of the Elgin cow!  
Oh, that she were here to enliven the scene,  
Right merry would be our hearts, I ween;

Then, then again, Bob Wilbanks and I  
Would take it by turns and milk her dry!  
We would stuff her paunch with the best of hay  
And milk her a hundred times a day!"

'Tis thus that Bonnie Jim Campbell sings—  
A young he-angel with sprouting wings;  
He sings and he prays that Fate'll allow  
Him one more whack at the Elgin cow!

## LYMAN, FREDERICK AND JIM.

Lyman and Frederick and Jim, one day,  
Set out in a great big ship—  
Steamed to the ocean down to the bay  
Out of a New York slip.  
“Where are you going and what is your game?”  
The people asked to those three.  
“Darned, if we know; but all the same  
Happy as larks are we;  
And happier still we’re going to be!”  
Said Lyman  
And Frederick  
And Jim.

The people laughed “Aha, oho!  
Oho, aha!” laughed they;  
And while those three went sailing so  
Some pirates steered that way.  
The pirates they were laughing, too—  
The prospect made them glad;  
But by the time the job was through  
Each of them pirates bold and bad,  
Had been done out of all he had  
By Lyman  
And Frederick  
And Jim.

Days and weeks and months they sped,  
Painting that foreign clime  
A beautiful, bright vermillion red—  
And having a — of a time!  
'Twas all so gaudy a lark, it seemed ,  
As if it could not be,  
And some folks thought it a dream they dreamed  
Of sailing that foreign sea,  
But I'll identify you these three—  
Lyman  
And Frederick  
And Jim.

Lyman and Frederick are bankers and sich  
And Jim is an editor kind;  
The first two named are awfully rich  
And Jim ain't far behind!  
So keep your eyes open and mind your tricks,  
Or you are like to be  
In quite as much of a Tartar fix  
As the pirates that sailed the sea  
And monkeyed with the pardners three,  
Lyman )  
And Frederick  
And Jim.

## A WAIL.

My name is Col. Johncey New,  
And by a hoosier's grace  
I have congenial work to do  
At 12 St. Helen's place.  
I was as happy as a clam  
A-floating with the tide,  
Till one day came a cablegram  
To me from t'other side.

It was a Macedonian cry  
From Benjy o'er the sea;  
"Come hither, Johncey, instantly,  
And whoop things up for me!"  
I could not turn a callous ear  
Unto that piteous cry;  
I packed my grip, and for the pier  
Directly started I.

Alas! things are not half so fair  
As four short years ago—  
The clouds are gathering everywhere  
And boisterous breezes blow;



My wilted whiskers indicate  
The depth of my disgrace—  
Would I were back, enthroned in state,  
At 12 St. Helen's place!

The saddest words, as I'll allow,  
That drop from tongue, or pen,  
Are these sad words I utter now:  
"They can't, shan't, won't have Ben!"  
So, with my whiskers in my hands,  
My journey I'll retrace,  
To wreak revenge on foreign lands  
At 12 St. Helen's place.

**CLENDENIN'S LAMENT.**

While bridal knots are being tied  
And bridal meats are being basted,  
I shiver in the cold outside  
And pine for joys I've never tasted.

Oh, what's a nomination worth,  
When you have labored months to get it  
If, all at once, with heartless mirth,  
The cruel senator's upset it?

Fate weaves me such a toilsome way,  
My modest wisdom may not ken it—  
But, all the same, a plague I say  
Upon that stingy, hostile senate!

## ON THE WEDDING OF G. C.

(June 2, 1886.)

Oh, hand me down my spike tail coat  
And reef my waistband in,  
And tie this necktie round my throat  
And fix my bosom pin;  
I feel so weak and flustered like,  
I don't know what I say—  
For I am to be wedded to-day, Dan'l,  
I'm to be wedded to-day!

Put double sentries at the doors  
And pull the curtains down,  
And tell the democratic bores  
That I am out of town;  
It's funny folks haint decency  
Enough to stay away,  
When I'm to be wedded to-day, Dan'l,  
I'm to be wedded to-day!

The bride, you say, is calm and cool  
In satin robes of white—  
Well, *I* am stolid, as a rule,  
But now I'm flustered quite;

Upon a surging sea of bliss  
My soul is borne away,  
For I'm to be wedded to-day, Dan'l,  
I'm to be wedded to-day!

TO G. C.

(July 12, 1886.)

They say our president has stuck  
Above his good wife's door  
The sign provocative of luck—  
A horseshoe—nothing more.

Be hushed, O party hates, the while  
That emblem lingers there,  
And thou, dear fates, propitious smile  
Upon the wedded pair.

I've tried the horseshoe's weird intent  
And felt its potent joy—  
God bless you, Mr. President,  
And may it be a boy.

## TO DR. F. W. R.

If I were rich enough to buy  
A case of wine (though I abhor it),  
I'd send a quart of extra dry  
And willingly get trusted for it.  
But, lackaday! *You* know that I'm  
As poor as Job's historic turkey—  
In lieu of Mumm, accept this rhyme,  
An honest gift though somewhat jerky.

This is your silver wedding day—  
You didn't mean to let me know it!  
And yet your smiles and raiments gay  
Beyond all peradventure show it!  
By all you say and do it's clear  
A birdling in your heart is singing,  
And everywhere you go you hear  
The old-time bridal bells a-ringing.

Ah, well, God grant that these dear chimes  
May mind you of the sweetness only  
Of those far distant, callow times  
When you were Benedick and lonely—

And when an angel blessed your lot—  
For angel is your helpmeet, truly—  
And when, to share the joy she brought,  
Came other little angels, duly.

So here's a health to you and wife—  
Long may you mock the Reaper's warning,  
And may the evening of your life  
In rising sons renew the morning;  
May happiness and peace and love  
Come with each morrow to caress ye,  
And when you're done with earth, above—  
God bless ye, dear old friend—God bless ye!

## HORACE'S ODE TO "LYDIA" ROCHE.

No longer the boys,  
With their music and noise,  
Demand your election as mayor;  
Such a milk-wagon hack  
Has no place on the track  
When his rival's a thoroughbred stayer.

With your coarse, shallow wit  
Every rational cit  
At last is completely disgusted;  
The tool of the rings,  
Trusts, barons, and things,  
What wonder, I wonder, you're busted!

As soon as that Yerkes  
Finds out you can't work his  
Intrigues for the popular nickel,  
With a tear to deceive you  
He'll drop you and leave you  
In your normal condition—a pickle.



Go, dodderer, go  
Where the whisker winds blow  
And spasms of penitence trouble;  
Or flounder and whoop  
In an ocean of soup  
Where the pills of adversity bubble.

## A PARAPHRASE, CIRCA 1715.

Since Chloe is so monstrous fair,  
With such an eye and such an air,  
What wonder that the world complains  
When she each am'rous suit disdains?

Close to her mother's side she clings  
And mocks the death her folly brings  
To gentle swains that feel the smarts  
Her eyes inflict upon their hearts.

Whilst thus the years of youth go by,  
Shall Colin languish, Strephon die?  
Nay, cruel nymph! come, choose a mate,  
And choose him ere it be too late!

A PARAPHRASE, OSTENSIBLY BY  
DR. I. W.

Why, Mistress Chloe, do you bother  
With prattlings and with vain ado  
Your worthy and industrious mother,  
Eschewing them that come to woo?

Oh, that the awful truth might quicken  
This stern conviction to your breast:  
You are no longer now a chicken  
Too young to quit the parent nest.

So put aside your froward carriage  
And fix your thoughts, whilst yet there's time,  
Upon the righteousness of marriage  
With some such godly man as I'm.

## HORACE I, 27.

In maudlin spite let Thracians fight  
Above their bowls of liquor,  
But such as we, when on a spree,  
Should never bawl and bicker!

These angry words and clashing swords  
Are quite *de trop*, I'm thinking;  
Brace up, my boys, and hush your noise,  
And drown your wrath in drinking.

Aha, 'tis fine—this mellow wine  
With which our host would dope us!  
Now let us hear what pretty dear  
Entangles him of Opus.

I see you blush—nay, comrades, hush!  
Come, friend, though they despise you,  
Tell me the name of that fair dame—  
Perchance I may advise you.

O wretched youth! and is it truth  
You love that fickle lady?  
I, doting dunce, courted her once,  
And she is reckoned shady!

## HEINE'S "WIDOW OR DAUGHTER."

Shall I woo the one or the other?  
Both attract me—more's the pity!  
Pretty is the widowed mother,  
And the daughter, too, 'is pretty.

When I see that maiden shrinking,  
By the gods, I swear I'll get 'er!  
But, anon, I fall to thinking  
That the mother'll suit me better!

So, like any idiot ass—  
Hungry for the fragrant fodder,  
Placed between two bales of grass,  
Lo, I doubt, delay, and dodder!

## HORACE II, 20.

Maecenas, I propose to fly  
To realms beyond these human portals;  
No common things shall be my wings,  
But such as sprout upon immortals.

Of lowly birth, once shed of earth,  
Your Horace, precious (so you've told him),  
Shall soar away—no tomb of clay  
Nor Stygian prison house shall hold him.

Upon my skin feathers begin  
To warn the songster of his fleeting;  
But never mind—I leave behind  
Songs all the world shall keep repeating.

Lo, Boston girls with corkscrew curls,  
And husky westerns, wild and woolly,  
And southern climes shall vaunt my rhymes—  
And all profess to know me fully.

Methinks the west shall know me best  
And therefore hold my memory dearer,  
For by that lake a bard shall make  
My subtle, hidden meanings clearer.

So cherished, I shall never die—  
Pray, therefore, spare your dolesome praises,  
Your elegies and plaintive cries,  
For I shall fertilize no daisies!

## HORACE'S SPRING POEM.

(Odes I, 4.)

The western breeze is springing up, the ships are  
in the bay,  
And Spring has brought a happy change as Winter  
melts away;  
No more in stall or fire the herd or plowman finds  
delight,  
No longer with the biting frosts the open fields are  
white.

Our Lady of Lythera now prepares to lead the  
dance,  
While from above the ruddy moon bestows a  
friendly glance;  
The nymphs and comely Graces join with Venus  
and the choir,  
And Vulcan's glowing fancy lightly turns to  
thoughts of fire.

Now is the time with myrtle green to crown the  
shining pate,  
And with the early blossoms of the spring to dec-  
orate;  
To sacrifice to Faunus—on whose favor we rely—  
A sprightly lamb, mayhap a kid, as he may specify.



Impartially the feet of Death at huts and castles  
strike—

The influenza carries off the rich and poor alike;  
O Sestius! though blest you are beyond the com-  
mon run,

Life is too short to cherish e'en a distant hope be-  
gun.

The Shades and Pluto's mansion-follow hard upon  
la grippe—

Once there you cannot throw at dice or taste the  
wine you sip,

Nor look on Lyeidas, whose beauty you commend,  
To whom the girls will presently their courtesies  
extend.

## HORACE TO LIGURINE.

(Odes IV, 10.)

O cruel fair,  
Whose flowing hair  
The envy and the pride of all is,  
As onward roll  
The years, that poll  
Will get as bald as a billiard ball is;  
Then shall your skin, now pink and dimply,  
Be tanned to parchment, sear and pimply!

When you behold  
Yourself grown old  
These words shall speak your spirits moody:  
“Unhappy one!  
What heaps of fun  
I’ve missed by being goody-goody!  
Oh! that I might have felt the hunger  
Of loveless age when I was younger!”

## HORACE ON HIS MUSCLE.

(Epode VI.)

You (blatant coward that you are!)  
Upon the helpless vent your spite;  
Suppose you ply your trade on me—  
Come, monkey with this bard and see  
How I'll repay your bark with bite!

Ay, snarl just once at me, you brute!  
And I shall hound you far and wide,  
As fiercely as through drifted snow  
The shepherd dog pursues what foe  
Skulks on the Spartan mountain side!

The chip is on my shoulder, see?  
But touch it and I'll raise your fur;  
I'm full of business; so beware,  
For, though I'm loaded up for bear,  
I'm quite as likely to kill a cur!

## HORACE TO MAECENAS.

(Odes III, 29.)

Dear noble friend! a virgin cask  
Of wine solicits attention—  
And roses fair, to deck your hair,  
And things too numerous to mention,  
So tear yourself awhile away  
From urban turmoil, pride and splendor  
And deign to share what humble fare  
And sumptuous fellowship I tender;  
The sweet content retirement brings  
Smoothes out the ruffled front of kings.

The evil planets have combined  
To make the weather hot and hotter—  
By parboiled streams the shepherd dreams  
Vainly of ice-cream soda-water;  
And meanwhile you, defying heat,  
With patriotic ardor ponder  
On what old Rome essays at home  
And what her heathen do out yonder.  
Maecenas, no such vain alarm  
Disturbs the quiet of this farm!

God in his providence observes  
The goal beyond this vale of sorrow,  
And smiles at men in pity when  
They seek to penetrate the morrow.  
With faith that all is for the best,  
Let's bear what burdens are presented,  
That we shall say, let come what may,  
"We die, as we have lived, contented!  
Ours is to-day; God's is the rest—  
He doth ordain who knoweth best!"

Dame Fortune plays me many a prank—  
When she is kind, oh! how I go it!  
But if, again, she's harsh, why, then  
I am a very proper poet!  
When favoring gales bring in my ships,  
I hie to Rome and live in clover—  
Elsewise, I steer my skiff out here,  
And anchor till the storm blows over.  
Compulsory virtue is the charm  
Of life upon the Sabine farm!

## HORACE IN LOVE AGAIN.

(Epode XI.)

Dear Pettius, once I reeled off rhyme  
Satiric, sad and tender,  
But now my quill  
Has lost its skill  
And I am dying in my prime  
Through love of female gender!  
Nay, do not laugh  
Nor deign to chaff  
Your friend with taunts of Lyde  
And other dames  
Who've been my flames—  
*This* time it's bona-fide!

I maunder sadly to and fro—  
I who was once so jolly!  
My old time chums  
Gyrate their thumbs  
And taunt me, as I sighing go,  
With what they term my folly.  
I told you once,  
Lake a garrulous dunce,  
Of my all consuming passion,  
And I rolled my eyes

In tragedy wise  
And raved in lovesick fashion.

And when I'd aired my woes profound  
You volunteered this warning:  
    "Horace, go light  
    On the bowl to-night—  
Ten hours of sleep will bring you round  
All right to-morrow morning!"  
    Now ten hours sleep  
    May do a heap  
For callow hearts a-patter,  
    But I tell you, sir,  
    This affair du coeur  
Of *mine* is a serious matter!

“GOOD-BY—GOD BLESS YOU!”

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech  
With its direct revealings—  
It takes a hold and seems to reach  
Way down into your feelings;  
That some folk deem it rude, I know,  
And therefore they abuse it;  
But I have never found it so—  
Before all else I choose it.  
I don't object that men should air  
The Gallic they have paid for—  
With “au revoir,” “adieu, ma chere”—  
For that's what French was made for—  
But when a crony takes your hand  
At parting to address you,  
He drops all foreign lingo and  
He says: “Good-by—God bless you!”

This seems to me a sacred phrase  
With reverence impassioned—  
A thing come down from righteous days,  
Quaintly but nobly fashioned;  
It well becomes an honest face—  
A voice that's round and cheerful;  
It stays the sturdy in his place  
And soothes the weak and fearful.



Into the porches of the ears  
It steals with subtle unction  
And in your heart of hearts appears  
To work its gracious function;  
And all day long with pleasing song  
It lingers to caress you—  
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong  
That's told "Good-by—God bless you!"

-

I love the words—perhaps because,  
When I was leaving mother,  
Standing at last in solemn pause  
We looked at one another,  
And—I saw in mother's eyes  
The love she could not tell me—  
A love eternal as the skies,  
Whatever fate befell me;  
She put her arms about my neck  
And soothed the pain of leaving,  
And, though her heart was like to break,  
She spoke no word of grieving;  
She let no tear bedim her eye,  
For fear *that* might distress me,  
But, kissing me, she said good-by  
And asked her God to bless me.

## HORACE.

(Epode XIV.)

You ask me, friend,  
Why I don't send  
The long since due-and-paid-for numbers—  
Why, songless, I  
As drunken lie  
Abandoned to Lethæan slumbers.

Long time ago  
(As well you know)  
I started in upon that carmen;  
My work was vain—  
But why complain?  
When gods forbid, how helpless are men!

Some ages back,  
The sage Anack  
Courtèd a frisky Samian body,  
Singing her praise  
In metered phrase  
As flowing as his bowls of toddy.

'Till I was hoarse  
Might I discourse  
Upon the cruelties of Venus—

'Twere waste of time  
As well of rhyme,  
For you've been there yourself, Maecenas!

Perfect your bliss,  
If some fair miss  
Love you yourself and *not* your minæ;  
I, fortune's sport,  
All vainly court  
The beauteous, polyandrous Phryne!

## HORACE I, 23.

Chloe, you shun me like a hind  
That, seeking vainly for her mother,  
Hears danger in each breath of wind  
And wildly darts this way and t'other.

Whether the breezes sway the wood  
Or lizards scuttle through the brambles,  
She starts, and off, as though pursued,  
The foolish, frightened creature scrambles.

But, Chloe, you're no infant thing  
That should esteem a man an ogre—  
Let go your mother's apron-string  
And pin your faith upon a toga!

## A PARAPHRASE.

How happens it, my cruel miss,  
You're always giving me the mitten?  
You seem to have forgotten this:  
That you no longer are a kitten!

A woman that has reached the years  
Of that which people call discretion  
Should put aside all childish fears  
And see in courtship no transgression.

A mother's solace may be sweet,  
But Hymen's tenderness is sweeter,  
And though all virile love be meet,  
You'll find the poet's love is metre.

## A PARAPHRASE BY CHAUCER.

Syn that you, Chloe, to your moder sticken,  
Maketh all ye yonge bacheloures full sicken;  
Like as a lyttel deere you been y-hiding  
Whenas come lovers with theyre pityse chiding,  
Sothly it ben faire to give up your moder  
For to beare swete company with some oder;  
Your moder ben well enow so farre shee goeth,  
But that ben not farre enow, God knoweth;  
Wherefore it ben sayed that foolysh ladyes  
That marrye not shall leade an aype in Hayde;  
But all that do with gode men wed full quicklye  
When that they be on dead go to ye seints full  
sickerly.

## HORACE I, 5.

What perfumed, posie-dizened sirrah,  
    With smiles for diet,  
Clasps you, O fair but faithless Pyrrha,  
    On the quiet?  
For whom do you bind up your tresses,  
    As spun-gold yellow—  
Meshes that go with your caresses,  
    To snare a fellow?

How will he rail at fate capricious,  
    And curse you duly;  
Yet now he deems your wiles delicious—  
    *You* perfect truly!  
Pyrrha, your love's a treacherous ocean—  
    He'll soon fall in there!  
Then shall I gloat on his commotion,  
    For *I* have been there!

## HORACE I, 20.

Than you, O valued friend of mine!  
A better patron non est—  
Come, quaff my home-made Sabine wine—  
You'll find it poor but honest.

I put it up that famous day  
You patronized the ballet  
And the public cheered you such a way  
As shook your native valley.

Cæcuban and the Cælean brand  
May elsewhere claim attention,  
But I have none of these on hand—  
For reasons I'll not mention.

## ENVOY.

So come! though favors I bestow  
Can not be called extensive,  
Who better than my friend should know  
That they're, at least, expensive!



## HORACE II, 7.

Pompey, what fortune gives you back  
To the friends and the gods who love you—  
Once more you stand in your native land,  
With your native sky above you!  
Ah, side by side, in years ago,  
We've faced tempestuous weather,  
And often quaffed  
The genial draft  
From an amphora together!

When honor at Phillippi fell  
A pray to brutal passion,  
I regret to say that my feet ran away  
In swift Iambic fashion;  
You were no poet-soldier born,  
You staid, nor did you wince then—  
Mercury came  
To my help, which same  
Has frequently saved me since then.

But now you're back, let's celebrate  
In the good old way and classic—

Come, let us lard our skins with nard  
And bedew our souls with Massie!  
With fillets of green parsley leaves  
Our foreheads shall be done up,  
And with song shall we  
Protract our spree  
Until the morrow's sun-up.

## HORACE I, II.

Seek not, Lucome, to know how long you're going  
to live yet—

What boons the gods will yet withhold, or what  
they're going to give yet;

For Jupiter will have his way, despite how much  
we worry—

Some will hang on for many a day and some die in  
a hurry,

The wisest thing for you to do is to embark this  
diem

Upon a merry escapade with some such bard as  
I am;

And while we sport, I'll reel you off such odes as  
shall surprise ye—

To-morrow, when the headache comes—well, then  
I'll satirize ye!

## HORACE I, 13.

When, Lydia, you (once fond and true,  
But now grown cold and supercilious)  
Praise Telly's charms of neck and arms—  
Well, by the dog! it makes me bilious!

Then, with despite, my cheeks wax white,  
My doddering brain gets weak and giddy,  
My eyes o'erflow with tears which show  
That passion melts my vitals, Liddy!

Deny, false jade, your escapade,  
And, lo! your wounded shoulders show it!  
No manly spark left such a mark—  
(Leastwise he surely was no poet!)

With savage buss did Telephus  
Abraid your lips, so plump and mellow—  
As you would save what Venus gave,  
I charge you shun that awkward fellow!

And now I say thrice happy they  
That call on Hymen to requite 'em;  
For, though love cools, the wedded fools  
Must cleave 'till death doth disunite 'em!

## HORACE IV, I.

O Mother Venus, quit, I pray,  
Your violent assailing;  
The arts, forsooth, that fired my youth  
At last are unavailing—  
My blood runs cold—I'm getting old  
And all my powers are failing!

Speed thou upon thy white swan's wings  
And elsewhere deign to mellow  
With my soft arts the anguished hearts  
Of swain that writhe and bellow;  
And right away, seek out, I pray,  
Young Paullus—he's your fellow.

You'll find young Paullus passing fate,  
Modest, refined, and toney—  
Go, now, incite the favored wight!  
With Venus for a crony.  
He'll outshine all at feast and ball  
And conversazione!

Then shall that godlike nose of thine  
With perfumes be requited,

And then shall prance in Salian dance  
The girls and boys delighted,  
And, while the lute blends with the flute,  
Shall tender loves be blighted.

But as for me—as you can see—  
I'm getting old and spiteful;  
I have no mind to female kind  
That once I deemed delightful—  
No more brim up the festive cup  
That sent me home at night full.

Why do I falter in my speech,  
O cruel Ligurine?  
Why do I chase from place to place  
In weather wet and shiny?  
Why down my nose forever flows  
The tear that's cold and briny?

## HORACE TO HIS PATRON.

Mæcenæ, you're of noble line—  
    (Of which the proof convincing  
Is that you buy me all my wine  
    Without so much as wincing.)

To different men of different minds  
    Come different kinds of pleasure;  
There's Marshall Field—what joy he finds  
    In shears and cloth-yard measure!

With joy Prof. Swing is filled  
    While preaching godly sermons;  
With bliss is Hobart Taylor thrilled  
    When he is leading germans.

While Uncle Joe Medill prefers  
    To run a daily paper,  
To Walter Gresham it occurs  
    That law's the proper caper.

With comedy a winning card,  
    How blithe is Richard Hooley;  
Per contra, making soap and lard,  
    Rejoices Fairbank duly.

While Armour in the sugar ham  
His summum bonum reaches,  
MacVeagh's as happy as a clam  
In canning pears and peaches.

Let Farwell glory in the fray  
Which party hate increases—  
His son-in-law delights to play  
Gavottes and such like pieces.

So each betakes him to his task—  
So each his hobby nurses—  
While I—well, all the boon I ask  
Is leave to write my verses.

Give, give that precious boon to me  
And I shall envy no man;  
If not the noblest I shall be  
At least the happiest Roman!



THE "ARS POETICA" OF HORACE—  
XVIII.

(Lines 323-333.)

The Greeks had genius—'twas a gift  
The Muse vouchsafed in glorious measure;  
The boon of Fame they made their aim  
And prized above all worldly treasure.

But *we*—how do we train *our* youth?  
Not in the arts that are immortal,  
But in the greed for gains that speed  
From him who stands at Death's dark portal.

Ah, when this slavish love of gold  
Once binds the soul in greasy fetters,  
How prostrate lies—how droops and dies  
The great, the noble cause of letters!

**HORACE I, 34.**

I have not worshiped God, my King—  
Folly has led my heart astray;  
Backward I turn my course to learn  
The wisdom of a wiser way.

How marvelous is God, the King!  
How do His lightnings cleave the sky—  
His thundering car spreads fear afar,  
And even hell is quaked thereby!

Omnipotent is God, our King!  
There is no thought He hath not read,  
And many a crown His hand plucks down  
To place it on a worthier head!

## HORACE I, 33.

Not to lament that rival flame

Wherewith the heartless Glycera scorns you,  
Nor waste your time in maudlin rhyme,  
How many a modern instance warns you.

Fair-browed Lycoris pines away

Because her Cyrus loves another;  
The ruthless churl informs the girl  
He loves her only as a brother.

For he, in turn, courts Pholoe—

A maid unscotched of love's fierce virus—  
Why, goats will mate with wolves they hate  
Ere Pholoe will mate with Cyrus!

Ah, weak and hapless human hearts—

By cruel Mother Venus fated  
To spend this life in hopeless strife,  
Because incongruously mated!

Such torture, Albius, is my lot;

For, though a better mistress wooed me,  
My Myrtale has captured me

And with her cruelties subdued me!

## THE "ARS POETICA" OF HORACE—I.

(Lines 1-23.)

Should painters attach to a fair human head  
The thick, turgid neck of a stallion,  
Or depict a spruce lass with the tail of a bass—  
I am sure you would guy the rascalion!

Believe me, dear Pisos, that such a freak  
Is the crude and preposterous poem  
Which merely abounds in a torrent of sounds  
With no depth of reason below 'em.

'Tis all very well to give license to art—  
The wisdom of license defend I;  
But the line should be drawn at the fripperish  
sprawn  
Of a mere cacoethes scribendi.

It is too much the fashion to strain at effects—  
Yes, that's what's the matter with Hannah!  
Our popular taste by the tyros debased  
Paints each barnyard a grove of Diana!

Should a patron require you to paint a marine,  
Would you work in some trees with their barks  
on?

When his strict orders are for a Japanese jar,  
Would you give him a pitcher like Clarkson?

Now this is my moral: Compose what you may,  
And fame will be ever far distant,  
Unless you combine with a simple design  
A treatment in toto consistent.

## THE GREAT JOURNALIST IN SPAIN.

Good Editor Dana—God bless him, we say!

Will soon be afloat on the main,

Will be steaming away

Through the mist and the spray

To the sensuous climate of Spain.

Strange sights shall he see in that beautiful land

Which is famed for its soap and Moor,

For, as we understand,

The scenery is grand,

Though the system of railway is poor.

For moonlight of silver and sunlight of gold

Glint the orchards of lemons and mangoes,

And the ladies, we're told,

Are a joy to behold

As they twine in their lissome fandangoes.

What though our friend Dana shall twang a guitar

And murmur a passionate strain—

Oh, fairer by far

Than these ravishments are

The castles abounding in Spain!

These castles are built as the builder may list—  
They are sometimes of marble or stone,  
But they mostly consist  
Of east wind and mist  
With an ivy of froth overgrown.

A beautiful castle our Dana shall raise  
On a futile foundation of hope,  
And its glories shall blaze  
In the somnolent haze  
Of the mythical lake del y Soap.

The fragrance of sunflowers shall swoon on the air,  
And the visions of dreamland obtain,  
And the song of "World's Fair"  
Shall be heard everywhere  
Through that beautiful castle in Spain.



## REID, THE CANDIDATE.

I saw a brave compositor  
Go hustling o'er the mead,  
Who bore a banner with these words:  
"Hurrah for Whitelaw Reid!"

"Where go you, brother slug," I asked,  
"With such unusual speed?"  
He quoth: "I go to dump my vote  
For gallant Whitelaw Reid!"

"But what has Whitelaw done," I asked,  
"That now he should succeed?"  
Said he: "The stanchest, truest friend  
We have is Whitelaw Reid!"

"There are no terms we can suggest  
That he will not concede;  
He is converted to our faith,  
Is gallant Whitelaw Reid!"

"The union it must be preserved—  
That is this convert's creed,  
And that is why we're whooping up  
The cause of Whitelaw Reid!"

“If what you say of him be sooth,  
You have a friend indeed,  
So go on your winding way,” quoth I,  
“And whoop for Whitelaw Reid!”

So on unto the polls I saw  
That printer straight proceed  
While other printers swarmed in swarms  
To vote for Whitelaw Reid.

## A VALENTINE.

Four little sisters standing in a row—  
Which of them I love best I really do not know.  
Sometimes it is the sister dressed out so fine in blue,  
And sometimes she who flaunts the beauteous robe  
    of emerald hue;  
Sometimes for her who wears the brown my tender  
    heart has bled,  
And then again I am consumed of love for her in  
    red.  
So now I think I'll send this valentine unto the  
    four—  
I love them all so very much—how could a man do  
    more?

## KISSING-TIME.

'Tis when the lark goes soaring,  
And the bee is at the bud,  
When lightly dancing zephyrs  
Sing over field and flood;  
When all sweet things in Nature  
Seem joyfully a-chime—  
'Tis then I wake my darling,  
For it is kissing-time!

Go, pretty lark, a-soaring,  
And suck your sweets, O bee;  
Sing, O ye winds of summer,  
Your songs to mine and me.  
For with your song and rapture  
Cometh the moment when  
It is half-past kissing-time  
And time to kiss again!

So—so the days go fleeting  
Like golden fancies free,  
And every day that cometh  
Is full of sweets for me;

And sweetest are those moments  
My darling comes to climb  
Into my lap to mind me  
That it is kissing-time.

Sometimes, may be, he wanders  
A heedless, aimless way—  
Sometimes, may be, he loiters  
In pretty, prattling play;  
But presently bethinks him  
And hastens to me then,  
For it's half-past kissing time  
And time to kiss again!

## THE FIFTH OF JULY.

The sun climbs up, but still the tyrant Sleep  
Holds fast our baby boy in his embrace;  
The slumb'rer sighs, anon athwart his face  
Faint, half-suggested frowns like shadows creep,  
One little hand lies listless on his breast,  
One little thumb sticks up with mute appeal,  
While motley burns and powder marks reveal  
The fruits of boyhood's patriotic zest.

Our baby's faithful poodle crouches near—  
He, too, is weary of the din and play  
That come with glorious Independence Day,  
But which, thank God! come only once a year!  
And Fido, too, has suffered in this cause,  
Which once a year right noisily obtains,  
For Fido's tail—or what thereof remains—  
Is not so fair a sight as once it was.

## PICNIC-TIME.

It's June agin, an' in my soul I feel the fillin' joy  
That's sure to come this time o' year to every little  
boy;

For, every June, the Sunday schools at picnics may  
be seen,

Where "fields beyont the swellin' floods stand  
dressed in livin' green."

Where little girls are skeered to death with spiders  
bugs an' ants,

An' little boys get grass-stains on their go-to-  
meetin' pants.

It's June agin, an' with it all what happiness is  
mine—

There's goin' to be a picnic an' I'm goin' to jine!

One year I jined the Baptists, an' goodness! how it  
rained!

(But grampa says that that's the way "Baptizo"  
is explained.)

And once I jined the 'piscopils an' had a heap o'  
fun—

But the boss of all the picnics was the Presbyte-  
rium!

They had so many puddin's, sallids, sandwidges  
an' pies,

That a feller wisht his stummick was as hungry  
as his eyes!

Oh, yes, the eatin' Presbyteriums give yer is so  
fine

That when *they* have a picnic, you bet *I'm* goin'  
to jine!

But at this time the Methodists have special claims  
on me,

For they're goin' to give a picnic on the 21st,  
D. V.;

Why should a liberal Universalist like me object  
To share the joys of fellowship with every friendly  
sect?

However het'rodox their articles of faith elsewhere  
may be,

Their doctrine of fried chick'n is a savin' grace  
to me!

So on the 21st of June, the weather bein' fine,  
They're goin' to give a picnic, and I'm goin' to  
jine!



## THE ROMANCE OF A WATCH.

One day his father said to John:

“Come here and see what I hev bought—  
A Waterbury watch, my son—  
It is the boon you long hev sought!”

The boy could scarcely believe his eyes—  
The watch was shiny, smooth an' slick—  
He snatched the nickel-plated prize  
An' wound away to hear it tick.

He wound an' wound, an' wound an' wound,  
An' kept a windin' fit to kill—  
The weeks an' months an' years rolled round,  
But John he kep' a windin', still!

As autumns came an' winters went  
An' summers follered arter spring,  
John didn't mind—he was intent  
On windin' up that darned ol' thing.

He got to be a poor ol' man—  
He's bald an' deaf an' blind an' lame,  
But, like he did when he began,  
He keeps on windin', jest the same!

## OUR BABY.

'Tis very strange, but quite as true,  
That when our Baby smiles  
Our club gets walloped black and blue  
In all the latest styles;  
But when our Baby's hopping mad  
It's quite the other way—  
Chicago beats the Yankees bad  
When Baby doesn't play.

When baby stands upon his base,  
Just after having kicked,  
Upon his Scandinavian face  
Appears the legend, "Licked";  
But when he orders out a sub,  
We well may hip-hooray—  
Chicago has the winning club  
When Baby doesn't play.

But, if our Baby's getting old,  
And stiff, and cross, and vain,  
And if his days are nearly told,  
Oh, let us not complain.

Let's rather think of what he was  
And how he's made it pay  
To hire the kids that win because  
Our Baby doesn't play.

## THE COLOR THAT SUITS ME BEST.

Any color—so long as it's red—  
Is the color that suits me best,  
Though I will allow there is much to be said  
For yellow and green and the rest;  
But the feeble tints, which some affect  
In the things they make or buy,  
Have never (I say it with all respect)  
Appealed to my critical eye.

There's that in red that warmeth the blood  
And quickeneth a man within,  
And bringeth to speedy and perfect bud  
The germs of original sin;  
So, though I am properly born and bred,  
I'll own, with a certain zest,  
That any color—so long as it's red—  
Is the color that suits me best!

For where is a color that can be compared  
With the blush of a buxom lass—  
Or where such warmth as of the hair  
Of the genuine white horse class?

And, lo, reflected in this cup  
Of cherry Bordeaux I see  
What inspiration girdeth me up—  
Yes, red is the color for me!

Through acres and acres of art I've strayed  
In Italy, Germany, France;  
On many a picture a master has made  
I've squandered a passing glance;  
Marines I hate, madonnas and  
Those Dutch freaks I detest!  
But the peerless daubs of my native land—  
They're red, and I like them best!

'Tis little I care how folks deride—  
I'm backed by the west, at least,  
And we are free to say that we can't abide  
The tastes that obtain down east;  
And we are mighty proud to have it said  
That here in the critical west,  
Most any color—so long as it's red—  
Is the color that suits us best!

## HOW TO "FILL."

It is understood that our esteemed Col. Franc B. Wilkie is going to formulate a reply to Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's latest poem, which begins as follows:

"I hold it as a changeless law  
From which no soul can sway or swerve,  
We have that in us which will draw  
Whate'er we need or most deserve."

We fancy the genial colonel will start off with some such quatrain as this:

"I fain would have your recipe,  
If you'll but give the snap away;  
Now when four clubs are dealt to me,  
How may I draw another, pray?"

## POLITICS IN 1888.

The Cleveland Leader must be getting ready for the campaign of 1888. We find upon its editorial page quite a pretentious poem, entitled "Alpha and Omega," and here is a sample stanza:

"Whose name will stand for coming time  
As hypocrites in prose and rhyme,  
And be despised in every clime?  
The Mugwumps."

Well, may be so, but may we be permitted to add a stanza which seems to us to be very pertinent just now?

And who next year, we'd like to know,  
Will feed the Cleveland Leader crow,  
Just as they did three years ago?  
The Mugwumps.

## THE BASEBALL SCORE.

A boy came racing down the street  
In a most tumultuous way,  
And he hollered at all he chanced to meet:  
“Hooray, hooray, hooray!”  
His eyes and his breath were hot with joy  
And his cheeks were all aflame—  
’Twas a rare event with the little boy  
When the champions won a game!

“Twenty to 6” and “10 to 2”  
Were rather dismal scores,  
And they wreathed in a somewhat somber hue  
These classic western shores;  
We shuddered and winced at the cruel sport  
And our heads were bowed in shame  
’Till Somewhere sent us the glad report  
That the champions won the game!

Our Baby says it’ll be all right  
For the champions by and by,  
And the twin emotions of Hope and Fright  
Gleam in his cod fish eye;



And Spalding says (in his modest way)  
That we'll get there all the same;  
So let us holler, "Hooray, hooray,"  
When the champions win the game.

## CHICAGO NEWSPAPER LIFE.

It pleases us to observe that the shocking habit of hurling opprobrious epithets at each other has been abandoned by the venerable editor of the Journal and the venerable editor of the Tribune. At this moment we are reminded of the inspired lines of the eminent but now, alas! neglected Watts:

“Birds in their nests agree,  
And 'tis a shocking sight  
When folks, who should harmonious be,  
Fall out and chide and fight.

“The tones of Andy and of Joe  
Should join in friendly games—  
Not be debased to vice so low  
As that of calling names.

“Bad names and naughty names require  
To be chastized at school,  
But he's in danger of hell-fire  
Who talks of 'crank' and 'fool.'

“Oh ’tis a dreadful thing to see  
The old folks smite and jaw,  
But pleasant it is to agree  
On the election law.

“Let Joe and Andy leave their wrongs  
For sinners to contest;  
So shall they some time swell the songs  
Of Israel’s ransomed blest.”

## THE MIGHTY WEST.

Oh, where abides the fond kazoo,  
The barrel-organ fair,  
And where is heard the tra-la-loo  
Of fish horns on the air?  
And where are found the fife and drum  
Discoursed with goodliest zest?  
And where do fiddles liveliest hum?  
The west—the mighty west!

Sonatas, fugues, and all o' that  
Are rightly judged effete,  
While largos written in B-flat  
Are clearly out of date;  
Some like the cold pianny-forty,  
But whistling suits us best—  
And op'ry, if it isn't naughty,  
Will not catch on out west.

From skinning hogs or canning beef  
Or diving into stocks,  
Could we expect to find relief  
In Haydns or in Bachs?

Ah, no; from pork and wheat and lard  
We turn aside with zest  
To sing some opus of some bard  
Whose home is in the west.

So get ye gone, ye weakling crew!  
Your tunes are stale and flat,  
And cannot hold a candle to  
The works of Silas Pratt!  
His opuses are in demand  
And are the final test  
By which all others fall or stand  
In this the mighty west!

## APRIL.

Now April with sweet showers of freshening rain  
Has roused last summer's vigorous breath once  
more;  
'Tis in the air, the house, the street, the lane—  
Puffs through the walls and oozes through the  
floor.

The rau-cous-throated frog ayont the sty  
Sends forth, as erst, his amercous vernal croak;  
Each hungry mooly casts her swivel eye  
For pots and pails in which her nose to poke.

With gurgling glee the gutter gushes by,  
Fraught all with filth, unknown and nameless  
dirt—  
A dead green goose, an o'er-ripe rat I spy;  
Head of a cat, tail of a flannel shirt.

The querulous cry of every gabbling goose  
From thousand-scented mudholes echoes o'er;  
The dogs and yawling cats have gotten loose  
And mock the hideous howls of hell once more.

By yon scrub oak, where roots the sallow sow,  
In where John Murphy's wife outpours her slop;  
Right there you'll find there's almost stench now  
To cause the world its nostrils to estop.

And yonder dauntless goat that bank adown,  
That wreathes his old fantastic horns so high,  
Gnaws sadly on the bustle of Miss Brown,  
Which she discarded in the months gone by.

So in Goose Island cometh April round;  
Full eagerly we watch the month's approach—  
The season of sweet sight and pleasant sound,  
The season of the bedbug and the roach.

## REPORT OF THE BASEBALL GAME.

It was a very pleasant game,  
And there was naught of grumbling  
Until the baleful tidings came  
That Williamson was "fumbling."  
Then all at once a hideous gloom  
Fell o'er all manly features,  
And Clayton's cozy, quiet room  
Was full of frantic creatures.

"Click, click," the tiny ticker went,  
The tape began to rattle,  
And pallid, eager faces bent  
To read the news from battle;  
Down, down, ten million feet or more,  
Chicago's hope went tumbling,  
When came the word that Burns and Gore  
And Pfeffer, too, were "fumbling."

No diagram was needed then  
To point the Browns to glory—  
The simple fact that these four men  
Were "fumbling" told the story.



There is not a club in all the land—  
No odds how weak or humble—  
That beats us when our short-stop and  
Our second baseman “fumble.”

There was some talk of hippodrome  
’Mid frequent calls for liquor,  
Then each Chicago man went home  
Much wiser, poorer, sicker;  
And many a giant intellect  
Seemed slowly, surely crumbling  
Beneath the dolorous effect  
Of that St. Louis “fumbling.”

Ah, well, the struggle’s but just begun,  
So what is the use of fretting  
If by a little harmless fun  
Our boys can bull the betting?  
When comes the tug of war there’ll be  
No accidental stumbling,  
And then, you bet your boots, you’ll see  
No mention made of “fumbling.”

## THE ROSE.

Since the days of old Adam the welkin has rung  
With the praises of sweet scented posies,  
And poets in rapturous phrases have sung  
The paramount beauties of roses.

Wheresoever she bides, whether nestling in lanes  
Or gracing the proud urban bowers,  
The red, royal rose her distinction maintains  
As the one regnant queen among flowers.

How joyous are we of the west when we find  
That Fate, with her gifts ever chary,  
Has decreed that the Rose, who is queen of her  
kind  
Shall bloom on our wild western prairie.

Let us laugh at the east as an impotent thing  
With envy and jealously crazy,  
While grateful Chicago is happy to sing  
In the praise of the rose—she's a daisy.

## KANSAS CITY VS. DETROIT.

A rooster flapped his wings and crowed  
A merry some cockadoodledoo,  
As out of the west a cowboy rode  
To the land where the peach and the clapboard  
grew,  
Humming a gentle tralalaloo.

“O insect with the gilded wing,”  
The cowboy cried, “Pray tell me true  
Why do you crane your neck and sing  
That wearisome cockadoodledoo?  
Would you like to learn the tralalaloo?”

Now the rooster squawked an impudent word  
Whereat the angered cowboy threw  
His lariat at the haughty bird  
And choked him until his gills were blue  
And his eyes hung out an inch or two.

“Now hear *me* sing,” the cowboy cried;  
“It ain’t no cockadoodledoo—  
It’s a song we sing on the prairies wide—  
The simple song of tralalaloo,  
Which is cowboy slang for 12 to 2.”

## ME AND BILKAMMLE.

I will, if you choose,  
Impart you some news  
That will greatly astound you, I know;  
You would never suspect  
My ambition was wreck'd  
'Till you heard my confession of woe.  
'Tis not that my boom  
Has ascended the flume—  
In other words, gone up the spout—  
I could smile a sweet smile  
This tempestuous while,  
But me and Bilkammle are out!

Being timid and shrinkin',  
He did all the thinkin',  
When *I* did the talkin' worth mention;  
'Twas my constant ambition  
To soar to position  
So I gave it exclusive attention;  
And supposin' that he  
Would of course be for me,  
I rambled and prattled about  
'Till I found to my horror,  
Vexation, and sorrow,  
That me and Bilkammle were out.

As I tore my red hair  
In a fit of despair  
I heard my Achates complain  
That the gent with the coffer  
Had nothing to offer  
In the way of relieving his pain!

\* \* \* \* \*

If there's mortal to blame  
For this villainous game  
Which has snuffed a great man beyond doubt.  
It's that treacherous mammal  
Entitled Bilkammle—  
Which accounts for us two bein' out!

## TO THE DETROIT BASEBALL CLUB.

You've scooped the vealy city crowd  
Of glory and of purse—  
Why shouldn't Pegasus be proud  
To trot you out in a verse?  
Chicago hoped to wallop you  
By a tremendous score,  
But bit off more than it could chew,  
As witness: "5 to 4."

Well done, you 'Ganders! here's a hand  
To every one of you;  
These record-breakers of the land  
Now break themselves in two.  
We'll get their pennant—it shall float  
Upon our distant shore,  
So let each patriotic throat  
Hurrah for "5 to 4."

## A BALLAD OF ANCIENT OATHS.

Ther ben a knyght, Sir Hoten hight,  
That on a time did swere  
In mighty store othes mickle sore,  
Whiche grieved his wiffe to here.

Soth, whenne she sooft, his wiffe did oft  
Swere as a lady may;  
“I’faith,” “I’sooth,” or “lawk” in truth  
Ben alle that wiffe wold say.

Soe whenne her good man waxed him wood  
She mervailed much to here  
The hejeous sound of othes full round  
The which her lord did swere.

“Now, pray thee, speke and tell me eke  
What thing hath vexed thee soe?”  
The wiffe she cried; but he replied  
By swereing moe and moe.

Her sweren zounds which be Gog’s wounds,  
By bricht Marie and Gis,  
By sweit Sanct Ann and holie Tan  
And by Bryde’s bell, ywis.

By holie grails, by 'slids and 'snails,  
By old Sanct Dunstan bauld,  
The virgin faire that him did beare,  
By him that Judas sauld;

By Arthure's sword, by Paynim horde,  
By holie modyr's teir,  
By Cokis breath, by Zooks and 's death,  
And by Sanct Swithen deir;

By divells alle, both greate and smalle,  
And in hell there be,  
By bread and salt, and by Gog's malt,  
And by the bloody tree;

By Him that worn the crown of thorn  
And by the sun and mone,  
By deir Sanct Blanc and Sanct Fillane,  
And three kings of Cologne;

By the gude Lord and His sweit word,  
By him that herryit hell,  
By blessed Jude, by holie rude,  
And eke be Gad himsell!

He sweren soe (and mickle moe)  
It made man's flesch to creepen,  
The air ben blue with his ado  
And sore his wiffe ben wepen.



Giff you wold know why sweren soe  
The goodman high Sir Hoten,  
He ben full wroth, because, in soth,  
He leesed his coler boten.

## AN OLD SONG REVISED.

John Hamilton, my Jo John,  
When first we were acquaint  
You were as lavish as could be  
With your vermillion paint;  
But now the head that once was red  
Seems veiled in sable woe,  
And clouds of gloom obscure your boom,  
John Hamilton, my Jo.

Oh, was it Campbell's hatchet wrought  
The ruin we deplore?  
Or was it Abnor Taylor's thirst  
For your abundant gore?  
Or was it Hank's ambitious pranks  
That laid our idol low?  
Come, let us know how came you so,  
John Hamilton, my Joe!

We pine to know the awful truth,  
So, pray, be pleased to tell  
The story—full of tragic fire—  
How one great statesman fell;

How dives' hand stalked in the land  
And dealt a crushing blow  
At one proud name—which you're the same,  
John Hamilton, my Jo!

## THE GRATEFUL PATIENT.

The doctor leaned tenderly over the bed  
And looked at the patient's complexion,  
And felt of the pulse and the feverish head,  
Then stood for a time in reflection.

“A strange complication!  
My recommendation  
Is morphia by hypodermic injection.”

The patient looked up with a leer in his eye  
And winked in the doctor's direction—  
“Well, Doc,” he remarked, “since you say I must  
die,  
I'm grateful to you for protection—  
I'm now in position  
To ask the commission  
T' excuse me from serving as judge of election.”

## THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

Death  
In my breath,  
Cried I then :  
“Men  
Burn and blight!  
Nourish crime!  
Scale the height!  
Climb, men, climb!  
Climb and fight!  
Win by might!  
Wrong or right!  
Blood!”

Well  
In a cell  
Here I am—  
D——n!  
From my flight  
So sublime  
I alight  
Ere my time,  
And in fright  
Here I grope  
Through the night

Without hope.  
What a plight!  
Ah, the rope!  
Thud!

## CLARE MARKET.

In the market of Clare, so cheery the glare  
Of the shops and the booths of the tradespeople  
there,

That I take a delight, on a Saturday night,  
In walking that way and viewing the sight;  
For it's here that one sees all the objects that  
please—

New patterns in silk and old patterns in cheese,  
For the girls pretty toys, rude alarums for boys,  
And baubles galore which discretion enjoys—  
But here I forbear, for I really despair  
Of naming the wealth of the market of Clare!

The rich man comes down from the elegant town,  
And looks at it all with an ominous frown;  
He seems to despise the grandiloquent cries  
Of the vender proclaiming his puddings and pies;  
And sniffing he goes through the lanes that disclose  
Much cause for disgust to his sensitive nose;  
Once free from the crowd, he admits that he is  
proud

That elsewhere in London this thing's not al-  
lowed—

He has seen nothing there but filth everywhere,  
And he's glad to get out of the market of Clare.

But the child that has come from the neighboring  
slum

Is charmed by the magic of dazzle and hum;  
He feasts his big eyes on the cakes and pies  
And they seem to grow green and protrude with  
surprise

At the goodies they vend and the toys without  
end—

And it's oh if he had but a penny to spend!  
But alas! he must gaze in a hopeless amaze  
At treasures that glitter and torches that blaze—  
What sense of despair in this world can compare  
With that of the waif in the market of Clare?

So, on Saturday nights, when my custom invites  
A stroll in old London for curious sights,  
I am likely to stray by a devious way  
Where goodies are spread in a motley array,  
The things which some eyes would appear to despise  
Impress me as pathos in homely disguise,  
And my tattered waif friend shall have pennies to  
spend,  
As long as I've got 'em (or friends that will lend);  
And the urchin shall share in my joy and declare  
That there's beauty and good in that marketplace  
there!



## UNCLE EPHRAIM.

My Uncle Ephraim was a man who did not live in  
vain,  
And yet, why he succeeded so I never *could* ex-  
plain;  
By nature he was not endowed with wit to a degree,  
But folks allowed there nowhere lived a better man  
than he;  
He started poor but soon got rich; he went to con-  
gress then,  
And held that post of honor long against much  
brainier men;  
He never made a famous speech or did a thing of  
note,  
And yet the praise of Uncle Eph welled up from  
every throat.

I recollect I never heard him say a bitter word;  
He never carried to and fro unpleasant things he  
heard;  
He always doffed his hat and spoke to every one he  
knew,  
He tipped to poor and rich alike a genial "how-  
dy'-do";  
He kissed the babies, praised their looks, and said:  
"That child will grow

To be a Daniel Webster or our president, I know!"  
His voice was so mellifluous, his smile so full of  
    mirth,  
That folks declared he was the best and smartest  
    man on earth!

Now, father was a *smarter* man, and yet he never  
    won  
Such wealth and fame as Uncle Eph, "the dees-  
    trick's favorite son";  
He had "convictions" and he was not loath to  
    speak his mind—  
He went his way and said his say as he might be  
    inclined;  
Yes, *he* was brainy; yet his life was hardly a suc-  
    cess—  
He was too honest and too smart for this vain  
    world, I guess!  
At any rate, I wondered he was unsuccessful when  
My Uncle Eph, a duller man, was so revered of  
    men!

When Uncle Eph was dying he called me to his  
    bed,  
And in a tone of confidence inviolate he said:  
"Dear Willyum, ere I seek repose in yonder blissful  
    sphere  
I fain would breathe a secret in your adolescent  
    ear;

Strive not to hew your way through life—it really  
doesn't pay;

Be sure the salve of flattery soaps all you do and  
say!

Herein the only royal road to fame and fortune  
lies;

Put not your trust in vinegar—*molasses* catches  
flies!"

## THIRTY-NINE.

O hapless day! O wretched day!  
I hoped you'd pass me by—  
Alas, the years have sneaked away  
And all is changed but I!  
Had I the power, I would remand  
You to a gloom condign,  
But here you've crept upon me and  
I—I am thirty-nine!

Now, were I thirty-five, I could  
Assume a flippant guise,  
Or, were I forty years, I should  
Undoubtedly look wise;  
For forty years are said to bring  
Sedateness superfine,  
But thirty-nine don't mean a thing—  
*A bas* with thirty-nine!

You healthy, hulking girls and boys—  
What makes you grow so fast?  
Oh, I'll survive your lusty noise—  
I'm tough and bound to last!

No, no—I'm old and withered, too—  
I feel my powers decline.  
(Yet none believes this can be true  
Of one at thirty-nine.)

And you, dear girl with velvet eyes,  
I wonder what you mean  
Through all our keen anxieties  
By keeping sweet sixteen.  
With your dear love to warm my heart,  
Wretch were I to repine—  
I was but jesting at the start—  
I'm glad I'm thirty-nine!

So, little children, roar and race  
As blithely as you can  
And, sweetheart, let your tender grace  
Exalt the Day and Man;  
For then these factors (I'll engage)  
All subtly shall combine  
To make both juvenile and sage  
The one who's thirty-nine!

Yes, after all, I'm free to say  
That I rejoice to be  
Standing as I do stand to-day  
'Twixt devil and deep sea;

For, though my face be dark with care  
Or with a grimace shine,  
Each haply falls unto my share;  
Since I am thirty-nine!

'Tis passing meet to make good cheer  
And lord it like a king,  
Since only once we catch the year  
That doesn't mean a thing.  
O happy day! O gracious day!  
I pledge thee in this wine—  
Come let us journey on our way  
A year, good Thirty-Nine!

## HORACE I, 18.

O Varus mine  
Plant thou the vine  
Within this kindly soil of Tibur;  
Nor temporal woes  
Nor spiritual knows  
The man who's a discreet imbiber.  
For who doth croak  
Of being broke  
Or who of warfare, after drinking?  
With bowl atween us,  
Of smiling Venus  
And Bacchus shall we sing, I'm thinking.

Of symptoms fell  
Which brawls impel  
Historic data give us warning;  
The wretch who fights  
When full of nights  
Is bound to have a head next morning.  
I do not scorn  
A friendly horn,  
But noisy toots—I can't abide 'em!  
Your howling bat  
Is stale and flat  
To one who knows, because he's tried 'em!

The secrets of  
The life of love  
(Companionship with girls and toddy)  
I would not drag  
With drunken brag  
Into the ken of everybody,  
But in the shade  
Let some coy maid  
With smilax wreathe my flagon's nozzle—  
Then, all day long,  
With mirth and song,  
Shall I enjoy a quiet sozzle!



THREE RHINELAND DRINKING  
SONGS.

## I.

If our life is the life of a flower

(And that's what some sages are thinking),  
We should moisten the bud with a health-giving  
flood

And 'twill bloom all the sweeter—

Yes, life's the completer

For drinking,

and drinking,

and drinking!

If it be that our life is a journey

(As many wise folks are opining),  
We should sprinkle the way with the rain while we  
may;

Though dusty and dreary,

'Tis made cool and cheery

With wining,

and wining,

and wining!

If this life that we live be a dreaming

(As pessimist people are thinking),

To induce pleasant dreams there is nothing, me  
seems,

Like this sweet prescription,

That baffles description—

This drinking,

and drinking,

and drinking!

## II.

(“Fiducit.”)

Three comrades on the German Rhine—

Defying care and weather—

Together quaffed the mellow wine

And sung their songs together,

What recked they of the griefs of life.

With wine and song to cheer them?

Though elsewhere trouble might be rife,

It would not come anear them!

Anon one comrade passed away,

And presently another—

And yet unto the tryst each day

Repaired the lonely brother,

And still, as gayly as of old,

That third one, hero-hearted,

Filled to the brim each cup of gold

And called to the departed:

“O comrades mine, I see you not,  
Nor hear your kindly greeting;  
Yet in this old familiar spot  
Be still our loving meeting!  
Here have I filled each bouting cup  
With juices red and cherry—  
I pray ye drink the portion up,  
And, as of old, make merry!”

And once before his tear-dimmed eyes,  
All in the haunted gloaming,  
He saw two ghostly figures rise  
And quaff the beakers foaming;  
He heard two spirit voices call:  
“Fiducit, jovial brother!”  
And so forever from that hall  
Went they with one another.

### III.

(Der Mann im Keller.)

How cool and fair this cellar where  
My throne a dusky cask is!  
To do no thing but just to sing  
And drown the time my task is!  
The cooper, he's  
Resolved to please,

And, answering to my winking,  
He fills me up  
Cup after cup  
For drinking, drinking, drinking.

Begrudge me not this cozy spot  
In which I am reclining—  
Why, who would burst with envious thirst  
When he can live by wining?  
A roseate hue seems to imbue  
The world on which I'm blinking;  
My fellow men—I love them when  
I'm drinking, drinking, drinking.

And yet, I think, the more I drink,  
It's more and more I pine for—  
Oh such as I (forever dry!)  
God made this land of Rhine for!  
And there is bliss  
In knowing this,  
As to the floor I'm sinking;  
I've wronged no man,  
And never can,  
While drinking, drinking, drinking!

## THE THREE TAILORS.

(From the German of C. Herlossohn.)

I shall tell you in rhyme how, once on a time,  
Three tailors tramped up to the Inn Ingleheim  
    On the Rhine—lovely Rhine;  
They were broke, but, the worst of it all, they were  
    curst  
With that malady common to tailors—a thirst  
    For wine—lots of wine!

“Sweet host,” quoth the three, “we’re as hard up  
    as can be,  
Yet skilled in the practice of cunning are we  
    On the Rhine—genial Rhine;  
And we pledge you we will impart you that skill  
Right quickly and fully, providing you’ll fill  
    Us with wine—cooling wine!”

But that host shook his head, and warily said:  
“Though cunning be good, we take money instead,  
    On the Rhine—thrifty Rhine;  
If ye fancy ye may without pelf have your way  
You’ll find there’s both host and the devil to pay  
    For your wine—costly wine!”

Then the first knavish wight took his needle so  
    bright  
And threaded its eye with a wee ray of light  
    From the Rhine—sunny Rhine;  
And in such a deft way patched a mirror that day  
That where it was mended no expert could say—  
    Done so fine—'twas for wine!

The second thereat spied a poor little gnat  
Go toiling along on his nose broad and flat  
    Toward the Rhine—pleasant Rhine;  
“Aha, tiny friend, I should hate to offend,  
But your stockings need darning,” which same did  
    he mend,  
    All for wine—soothing wine!

And next there occurred what you'll deem quite  
    absurd—  
His needle a space in the wall thrust the third,  
    By the Rhine—wondrous Rhine;  
And then, all so sly, he leapt through the eye  
Of that thin cambric needle; nay, think you I'd lie  
    About wine? Not for wine!

The landlord allowed (with a smile) he was proud  
To do the fair thing by that talented crowd  
    On the Rhine—generous Rhine!

So a thimble filled he as full as could be;  
“Drink long and drink hearty, my jolly guests  
three,  
Of my wine—filling wine!”

## MORNING HYMN.

I'd dearly love to tear my hair  
And romp around a bit,  
For I am mad enough to swear  
Since Brother Chauncey quit.

I am so vilely prone to sin—  
Vain ribald that I am—  
I'd take a hideous pleasure in  
Just one prodigious "damn."

But shall I yield to Satan's wiles  
And let my passions swell?  
Nay, I will wreath my face in smiles,  
And mock the powers of hell.

And howsoever pride may roll  
Its billows through my frame,  
I'll not condemn my precious soul  
Unto the quenchless flame!

But rather will I humbly pray  
Divinity to wash  
From out my mouth such words away  
As "Jiminy" and "Gosh."



## DOCTORS.

'Tis quite the thing to say and sing  
Gross libels on the doctor—  
To picture him an ogre grim  
Or humbug-pill concocter;  
Yet it's in quite another light  
My friendly pen would show him—  
Glad that it might with verse repay  
Some part of what I owe him!

When one's all right he's prone to spite  
The doctor's peaceful mission;  
But, when he's sick, it's loud and quick  
He bawls for a physician!  
With other things the doctor brings  
Sweet babes our hearts to soften;  
Though I have four, I pine for more—  
Good doctor, pray, come often!

What though he sees death and disease  
Run riot all around him,  
Patient and true, and valorous, too—  
Such have I always found him!

Where'er he goes he soothes our woes,  
And, when skill's unavailing  
And death is near, his words of cheer  
Support our courage failing.

In ancient days they used to praise  
The godlike art of healing;  
An art that then engaged all men  
Possessed of sense and feeling;  
Why, Raleigh—he was glad to be  
Famed for a quack elixir,  
And Digby sold (as we are told)  
A charm for folk love-sick, sir!

Napoleon knew a thing or two,  
And clearly he was partial  
To doctors, for, in time of war,  
He chose one for marshal,  
In our great cause a doctor was  
The first to pass death's portal,  
And Warren's name at once became  
A beacon and immortal!

A heap, indeed, of what we read  
By doctors is provided,  
For to those groves Apollo loves  
Their leaning is decided;

Deny who may that Rabelais  
Is first in wit and learning—  
And yet all smile and marvel while  
His brilliant leaves they're turning.

How Lever's pen has charmed all men—  
How touching Rab's short story!  
And I will stake my all that Drake  
Is still the schoolboy's glory!  
A doctor-man it was began  
Great Britain's great museum;  
The treasures there are all so rare,  
It drives me wild to see 'em!

There's Cuvier, Parr and Rush—they are  
Big monuments to learning;  
To Mitchell's prose (how smooth it flows!)  
We all are fondly turning;  
Tomes might be writ of that keen wit  
Which Abernethy's famed for—  
With bread-crumb pills he cured the ills  
Most doctors get blamed for!

In modern times the noble rhymes  
Of Holmes (a great physician!)  
Have solace brought and wisdom taught  
To hearts of all conditions.

The sailor bound for Puget sound  
Finds pleasure still unfailing,  
If he but troll the barcarole  
Old Osborne wrote on Whaling!

If there were need I could proceed  
Ad naus, with this prescription,  
But, inter nos, a larger dose  
Might give you fits conniption;  
Yet, ere I end, there's one dear friend  
I'd hold before these others,  
For he and I in years gone by,  
Have chummed around like brothers.

Together we have sung in glee  
The songs old Horace made for  
Our genial craft—together quaffed  
What bowls that doctor paid for!  
I love the rest, but love him best,  
And, were not times so pressing,  
I'd buy and send—you smile, old friend?  
Well, then, here goes my blessing.

## BEN APFELGARTEN.

There was a certain gentleman, Ben Apfelgarten  
called,

Who lived way off in Germany a many years ago,  
And he was very fortunate in being very bald,  
And so was very happy he was so.

He warbled all the day  
Such songs as only they  
Who are very, very circumspect and very happy  
may;

The people wondered why,  
As the years went grinding by,  
They never heard him once complain or even heave  
a sigh!

The women of the province fell in love with genial  
Ben,

Till (maybe you can fancy it) the dickens was to  
pay  
Among the callow students and the sober-minded  
men—

With the women folk a-cuttin' up that way!  
Why, they gave him turbans red  
To adorn his hairless head,  
And knitted jaunty nightcaps to protect him when  
abed!

In vain the rest demurred—  
Not a single chiding word  
Those ladies deigned to tolerate—remonstrance was  
absurd!

Things finally got into such a very dreadful way  
That the others (oh, how artful!) formed the  
politic design  
To send him to the reichstag; so, one dull November  
day  
They elected him a member from the Rhine!  
Then the other members said:  
“Gott in Himmel; what a head!”  
But they marveled when his speeches they listened  
to or read;  
And presently they cried:  
“There must be heaps inside  
Of the smooth and shiny cranium his constituents  
deride!”

Well, when at last he up 'nd died—long past his  
ninetieth year—  
The strangest and the most lugubrious funeral  
he had,  
For women came in multitudes to weep upon his  
bier—  
The men all wond'ring why on earth the women  
had gone mad!

And this wonderment increased,  
Till the sympathetic priest  
Inquired of those same ladies: "Why this fuss  
about deceased?"

Whereupon the were appalled,  
For, as one, those women squalled:  
"We doted on deceased for being bald—bald—  
bald!"

He was bald because his genius burnt that shock of  
hair away,

Which, elsewhere, clogs one's keenness and activity  
of mind,

And (barring present company, of course,) I'm  
free to say

That, after all, it's intellect that captures woman-  
kind.

At any rate, since then

(With a precedent in Ben),

The women-folk have been in love with us bald-  
headed men!

## IN HOLLAND.

Our course lay up a smooth canal  
Through tracks of velvet green,  
And through the shade that windmills made,  
And pasture lands between.  
The kine had canvas on their backs  
To temper Autumn's spite,  
And everywhere there was an air  
Of comfort and delight.

My wife, dear philosophic soul!  
Saw here whereof to prate:  
"Vain fools are we across the sea  
To boast our nobler state!  
Go north or south or east or west,  
Or wheresoe'er you please,  
You shall not find what's here combined—  
Equality and ease!

"How tidy are these honest homes  
In every part and nook—  
The men folk wear a prosperous air,  
The women happy look.



Seeing the peace that smiles around,  
I would our land was such—  
Think as you may, I'm free to say  
I would we were the Dutch!"

Just then we overtook a boat  
(The Golden Tulip hight)—  
Big with the weight of motley freight,  
It was a goodly sight!  
Meynheer van Blarcom sat on deck,  
With pipe in lordly pose,  
And with his son of twenty-one  
He played at dominoes.

Then quoth my wife: "How fair to see  
This sturdy, honest man  
Beguile all pain and lust of gain  
With whatso joys he can;  
Methinks his spouse is down below  
Beading a kerchief gay—  
A babe, mayhap, lolls in her lap  
In the good old Milky way.

"Where in the land from whence we came  
Is there content like this—  
Where such disdain of sordid gain,  
Such sweet domestic bliss?

A homespun woman I, this land  
Delights me overmuch—  
Think as you will and argue still,  
I like the honest Dutch.”

And then my wife made end of speech—  
Her voice stuck in her throat,  
For, swinging around the turn, we found  
What motor moved the boat;  
Hitched up in tow-path harness there  
Was neither horse nor cow,  
But the buxom frame of a Hollandische dame—  
Meynheer van Blarcom’s frau.







